

TAZEWELL DIRECTORY.

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PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. W. W. Ruff, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath morning and evening, except the first, when the pastor holds services in Bu-kos Garden, Sunday School 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening.
METHODIST.—I. P. Martin, Pastor. Preaching on first and third Sunday in each month at 11 a. m.; second and fourth Sunday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

BAPTIST.—Rev. D. A. Glenn, Pastor. Preaching the 1st and 3d Sunday in the morning and 2d and 4th Sunday in the evening. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting every Friday evening.
CHRISTIAN.—Rev. J. N. Harrison, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath morning. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting every Saturday evening.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge Circuit Court.—Hon. S. W. Williams, Wytheville, Va.
Circuit Court Sessions.—3d Monday in April; 4th Monday in August, 3d Monday in December.
Judge County Court.—Hon. J. H. Stuart, Tazewell, Va.
County Court.—Tuesday after the Third Monday.
Clerk Circuit Court.—H. Bane Harman, Tazewell, Va.
Clerk County Court.—T. E. George, Tazewell, Va.
Commonwealth's Attorney.—Jno. T. Barnes, Tazewell, Va.
Sheriff.—John W. Crockett, Tazewell, Va.
Treasurer.—R. K. Gillespie, Foundling Mill, Va.
Commissioner Revenue—Clear Fork District.—G. A. Sink, Bluestone, Va.
Commissioner Revenue—Middle Spring District.—S. H. Laird, Cedar Bluff, Va.
Supervisor, Clear Fork District: J. H. Grever, Bu-kos Garden, Va.
Supervisor, Jeffersonville District: J. E. Peery, Tazewell, Va.
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CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 20, KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.
Meets first Monday in each month.
JAMES O'KEEFE, E. C.
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O'Keefe Royal Arch Chapter, No. 26.
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H. W. O'KEEFE, H. P.
W. T. WITTEN, Sec'y.

TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.
Meets the 3d Monday in each month.
Ed. L. WRIGHT, W. M.
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January

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Of Winter Goods, beginning Monday, the 11th, 1897.

Consisting of every piece of Heavy Dress Goods in our stock, remnants of Serges, Cashmeres, Mohairs, Calicoes, Ginghams, Linings, etc.

This Sale

Is not intended, as supposed by many, merely to "whoop up" sales in this the dull month of the year, but it is our custom at this time every year to clean up old stock, and owing to the very mild winter, we have more heavy goods to dispose of, thereby giving our customers better values and better selections than we have heretofore.

t Will Pay You

To call next week or as soon thereafter as you can; but do not wait until February, we will not have the goods to offer then at the same prices.

New Things Each Week

Will be added to our Job and Closing Out Sale. Read this ad every week and keep posted.

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Without hard labor or injury to Hands or Fabric.

NO ACIDS,

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NO RUBBING ON WASHBOARDS.

For Washing Flannels and Calicoes.

Price, 5c.

MY OLD FRIEND IS NOT HERE.

I hark to the harsh discordant notes Of clamorous toil and strife, I drag my feet through the dust and heat Of the broad highroad of life!

But I catch not the sound of a well-known voice—

And the road is brown and sore, And my eyelight bears with unshed tears—

For my old friend is not here.

With a backward glance and a wave of the hand,

He has wandered far away To a land that lies under cloudless skies—

Where the sun shines all the day; And his form is lost in the hurrying throng

That gathers from far and near, And I miss the grace of his kindly face—

For my old friend is not here.

But I caught a glimpse of that unknown land,

As my old friend hurried through the outer gate, where the dear ones wait

For the pilgrim who is due; And I know that the sun shines all the day,

That the dew's bloom all the year— Shall miss his smile through the after-while.

For my old friend is not here.

—S. Q. Lapius, in Ohio Farmer.

HIS MIRACLE.

BY CARL SMITH.

The section foreman's boy, red of hair and freckled of face, offered to show him the way to the church, but he declined the proffered courtesy, preferring to walk up the railroad track until he should get tired of the jaunt,

when he would stop at a cattle guard and rest, and then return in time for dinner. Church going had been an unknown quantity with him in the city, where there were great cathedrals in half a dozen different parts of the town, and he hardly saw the occasion for departing from custom simply because his exile in the little country town was so uninterestingly eventless.

He started with a swinging, athletic stride up the line of gravel, therefore, and the section foreman's boy, palpably starchy and awkward in his Sunday clothes, went hurrying down the street from the station, his red hair crimsonly signaling his approach to the little frame church while he was yet a great distance away.

Kennedy was the new telegraph operator. He was an aspiring fellow and an intelligent one, and some day he hoped to be a trier dispatcher, and possibly, after reasonable lapse of time, the superintendent of telegraph. He spent the long and lonesome nights in reading on social economics, and he knew more about the history of strange and peculiar things associated with government than almost anybody whose name or fame is now suggested to mind. He was the chief telegrapher of his division of the telegraphers' labor union, which met in the city 30 miles away, and he was the man who made the best speeches on Tuesday nights, when order proceedings had got as far along as the "good of the order." The others of the division thought highly of him, and usually they sent him as their lodge delegate to the sessions of the international convention. He could argue splendidly and he said he was an agnostic.

As he walked up the track this Sunday morning the Sabbath feeling seemed to rise up as though to offend against his reasoning and reasonable agnosticism. Across the fields came the mellowness of a church bell, and seeming far, far, far away, its sound was the sweetest for the distance. Over to the right a farmer's wagon was creeping along the section line road as the sleek brown horses dragged the family toward the place of worship in the town. Around the curve ahead of him there rose a quiet rumbling, and, looking to see what unexpected train was bearing down upon him, he received the hail of Michael Doolan, foreman of Section 43, several miles up the parallel line of rails, who, with his men and their women and children, was whirling along in the direction of the little parish church toward which the redheaded boy had sped several minutes before. The men were on a hand car, to which a little flat had been attached, and this flat accommodated the women and children.

"I suppose it's all right for them," Kennedy murmured, as the twin cars disappeared around the other bend of the curve, "but that isn't for me. Religion is a good enough thing—an indispensable thing, indeed, but it hasn't got around to me yet, and it never will. It's a good, handy thing to have for the purpose of swearing people in courts and impressing ignorant persons whose characters require some sort of ballast of mysticism, not only for their own comfort, but for the safety of the public. Such people, without a weight or anchorage of some kind, would rattle around annoyingly and even harmfully to others. I wish I could believe as they do. Doubtless it is a comforting thing to be as they are, but—"

And he closed his statement of opinion by picking up a stone and throwing it at a rabbit.

He walked to the cattle guard, and, resting, returned, and found he had vastly miscalculated distance and time, and that it was still very early in the day. He looked about and saw the hand-car on a siding, and it suggested something to him. Kennedy prided himself on being a liberal sort of person, and the thought came to him that it would be a fair and reasonable thing for him to drop into the little church, just to show that he had really no feeling against religion. He found the white-painted structure with the cross over its queer little cupola, and, entering, took the rear-most seat. The services were nearly closing. He looked forward, over the heads of half a hundred devoted worshippers, at the priest in vestments, which—although Kennedy did not know it—he had brought at great labor from the city, for the parish was too poor to support a resident pastor. He noted that the worshippers seemed to consider every movement of the be-gowned man as to some especial import, and genuflected and crossed themselves and murmured unintelligible utterances, which he took for prayers. It was very interesting, and in his heart he wished that reason might show him how to be as happily satisfied with the priest's teachings as were these.

"If a miracle could be enacted in those old days, why should not one be performed now?" he inquired inwardly. "Oh, no. It is all opposed to sense and science. Faith?"—for he had arrived in time to hear enough of the sermon to know that the priest had discoursed on faith—"yes, by a miracle I could have faith, but—"

His self-communion was interrupted by the sound of a silvery voice coming from the gallery above his head.

"O salutaris!" the hall rose pure and sweet—such a voice as the agnostic had never before heard. "O salutaris!" and the church was filled with the wonder of a music which caused him to think that an angel sung, quite ignoring the fact that according to his philosophy so such thing as an angel could exist. He listened as one entranced, and he left the church with his very soul brim- ming with the joy of that heavenly soprano.

The next Sunday he walked up the track again, but only a little way. The section foreman's boy had invited him as before to accompany him, but Kennedy hesitated, and, hesitating, was not seen. Now, however, as he again looked up at the cheery half of the happy passengers of the hand-car, he hesitated again, and this hesitation sent him leewardward. He took his former seat in the rear, under the odd little choir loft, and to-day a new priest talked, and, strangely enough, of the "Miracle of Faith." As though answering a question of Kennedy's the clergyman said: "Who are the believers? The greatest of all the great in learning, statecraft and material advancement. Presidents, prime ministers, men of mighty mind accept the divinity of Christ—and if these men, wise enough to be great, and great enough to be honest, accept by faith, why should you or I cry out for a miracle to be enacted for our special behoof. There are many millions of people in the world—"

Kennedy could have told him how many.

"—and what right has one man to ask God to miraculously perform for him so that he might be badgered and forced reluctantly into accepting what worthier, more learned men and men of infinitely greater responsibility and vaster temptation gladly and gratefully take as a boon?"

"This," thought Kennedy, "sounds reasonable, but I cannot blindly accept their belief on unsupported, unwitnessed sentiment." And as he thought upon it the voice of the soprano rose in glorification. It was what he had waited for. It filled him with great happiness. The undesired miracle was beginning of performance.

Every Sunday after this he came in after the others and took his back seat. Her voice had sung him almost into the acceptance toward which the reasoning of the priest was powerless to persuade. He seemed to partake of the feeling of the singer. He exulted with her in the Latin praise of the Redeemer. He learned the words, and they rose almost to his lips as she sang. What a woman she must be! What a heart of purity to well on in such witness of the might of Christian love and Christian mercy! He had never seen her, for he was an agnostic, and he could not yield to the stubbornness of his unbelief to ask about her or to even wait in the church to watch her. He came into church late and he left early. He was an agnostic, and she—

One day after the services were concluded he advanced past the half-hundred humble worshippers, and, greeting the priest, said: "Father, I want to come into the church." His heart leaped with that acknowledgment, and the little edifice seemed filled with the glory of the Shepherd of the lost sheep. Suddenly, from the organ loft, which now for the first time was visible to his eyes, came the swelling sound of that heavenly voice in some song of praise.

He looked for the singer. It was the section foreman's boy.

And this was his miracle.—Chicago Record.

Why He Needed a Gun.

It was a western town, and the young fellow had been arrested for carrying a concealed weapon. Fresh from the east, he imagined that bad men lurked in the shadows, and he had bought a pistol that had a bore as large as a cough-drop. When arraigned before the police judge he had no defense to make, and the magistrate said: "I shall have to fine you."

"Please let me off," said the young fellow. "I have no money to pay a fine, and if you fine me I shall have to go to jail, and that would disgrace me. I have done nothing wrong except carry the revolver, and I am sorry for that. I have no friends from whom I could secure the money to pay the fine."

"What did you carry the artillery for?" asked the judge.

"Why, er—er—to protect my valuables."

"To protect your valuables? What valuables have you? You say you have no money to pay a fine. What else have you of value?"

"Why, you see—that is—er—I have the gun. It cost me \$12."

He went to jail.—N. Y. World.

Mistaken Identity.

A remarkable case of mistaken identity is reported from Recamp. The body of a man was found recently in the fine de Valmont, and after the usual formalities was buried as that of an octogenarian named Godfrey. Two of Godfrey's daughters attended the funeral. When they returned home they nearly died of terror at finding their father sitting at his usual place near the fire. The shrieks of the women, who thought they saw a ghost, brought to the neighbors. The error was due to a remarkable likeness between Godfrey and the man who had been found dead.—London Tit-Bits.

MILLAIS' VERSATILITY.

It is Said He Was the Greatest Painter of the Age.

For a period of nearly 50 years MILLAIS has been before the public as an artist and for the greater part of that time he has sustained his reputation as the greatest painter of his day, says Scribner's. He has painted history, romance, poetry, landscape, portraits and has made his mark in all.

No one else has attempted so wide a range of subjects, few have shown a greater variety of invention or approached him in his command over tools and materials. It is only within the last few years that he has shown any decline of power and it was only the other day that Mr. Watts, his great colleague, observed to me of one of his pictures in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy (1896) that as painting it was "good as ever."

His art is in no sense ideal; his imagination cannot body forth things unknown or rise to any great heroic height; he has never attempted to represent rapid or violent action, but in his these lines his powers are splendid and exuberant.

An almost matchless draughtsman, a colorist of great truth and force, a painter of extraordinary initiative power, with a handling not always pleasant, perhaps, but of the utmost sureness and freedom, he has left a body of work which both for quality and quantity has scarcely been equalled in modern art. Indeed, the whole of his work has been so sincere and full of fresh life, it reflects so forcibly his own personality and the living spirit of his day, that it is difficult to believe that it can ever become uninteresting to posterity.

EXHIBIT BY MACHINERY.

Salvationists Who Use a Graphophone in Preaching.

The most up-to-date religious organization, the Salvation Army, which never misses an opportunity of exciting the curiosity and interest of the crowd, has secured the services of the graphophone, says the New York Press. There are many thousands of villages and small towns all over the country where such a machine has never been heard, and where its introduction is calculated to evoke astonishment and delight.

The graphophone consists of a large horn and stand which will enable an audience of from 400 to 1,000 persons to hear a song as distinctly as if seated by the individual, and its accessories comprise 18 records, including an address by the commander, and also one by the coral, and 16 army songs, band selections, etc.; 18 blanks by which home records can be made; a traveling case to carry 36 records, and, finally, three hearing tubes. A full meeting similar to those held in New York and London, with complete band accompaniment, will be given by the aid of the machine.

When a detachment strikes a village that it has been decided to capture, the soldiers will proclaim in every direction the marvels of the science that is to be held, and the curiosity of the inhabitants having been aroused, they may be counted upon to appear in full force at the place and time appointed.

The machine will do the rest, even asking for the collection. Then the evangelists will sit in amazement and listen to the assistant commander's voice, while she, perhaps, in thousands of miles away.

HOW DOGS ARE STUNTED.

Methods Employed in the Manufacture of Toy Terriers.

There is an era of toy dogs in English society. The more diminutive a parcel of canine flesh that you can possess the more are you a swell, says the Toledo Blade. But alas! How many feminine readers who delight in the miniature doggies know that they are an artificial product?

There is in London an establishment devoted entirely to the stunting of the animals. The proprietor is an ex-breeder of fighting dogs, but he now finds more profit in rearing the Hippian canines, for which he has a wide reputation. He does not claim to be the originator of the process, for he says that all dog men know of the degrading powers of alcohol, but he asserts that he is the only man in London to adopt the principle systematically.

His method is as follows: The pup destined to be stunted is taken from its mother when a few hours old and when it begins to whine for sustenance it is fed with a warm decoction of gin and water. Deprived of milk, it takes to this readily. When it reaches a certain age alcohol in various forms constitutes the animal's sole diet. The pup does not grow nor does it develop. They soon cease to grow at all. After a generation or two of mating the stunted breed of putative canines is obtained.

An Exacting Beggar.

Several beggars in Peru own a large amount of property. One well-known man has houses worth 10,000 francs, and yet is to be seen begging in filthy rags. A poor governess, who was very charitable, used to give him a piastre twice a week. One day she missed a fly (pound), and thought she must have given it to the beggar by mistake. He had gone home for the day, so she followed him to his house on the Taxime. He received her graciously, looking like a pauper at least in his magnificent robes. "I never like to lose a good client," he said, and sent for his bag of takings; "if there's a fly here we shall bid it." Sure enough, the fly was there. "Take it," he continued, and the poor girl, full of thanks, was hurrying off when the beggar stopped her. "Wait a moment; you haven't given me the piastre."

So Light.

"Your honor," said a lawyer in a recent trial in England, "the argument of my learned friend is higher than can be. It is air. It is smoke. From top to bottom it is absolutely nothing. And, therefore, your honor, it falls to the ground by its own weight."

THE OLDEST SPORT.

Hunting and Fishing Were Means of Livelihood to Primitive Man.

Somebody has asked which is the oldest sport and started a discussion that has already put the antiquity of games beyond the middle ages; Hunting and fishing were primitive means of chief occupations, says the New York Journal.

These, as civilization developed, were gradually converted from being means of livelihood into pastimes. But it is impossible to tell exactly when the change took place, for it is not even yet complete, and what is sport to the acquire and maintain in necessary vort to the gamekeeper and professional hunter.

Nimrod, Noah's great-grandson, was a "mighty hunter before the Lord," and as he was a "mighty one in the earth" he probably hunted for pleasure. This is the oldest record of a hunt.

The story and the kind, which make the greatest demand on the skill and endurance of the hunter, would probably be the first animal pursued for pleasure. To hunt the lion was king's sport from the earliest times.

The Egyptian monuments show that all kinds of hunting, as well as fox hunting, were followed for pleasure. The Olympic games were probably the oldest athletic sports and their origin is lost in antiquity. They are said to celebrate Jupiter's defeat of the Titans.

Diagnosed Russian Officers. Eleven officers of the Cossack dragons have been reduced to the ranks and one lieutenant dismissed from the army for their share in a quarrel at a meeting in Moscow. The officers were: Balakout, White, Grun, Grun, and Grun, and the lieutenant was: Grun.

Who were struck off duty in a shop who were protesting for a while they go him a round the shop, whereupon he went to the factory, together with other officers and 100 dragoons, and set out to revenge the honor of the regiment. The wife shop and the adjacent houses were burned and set on fire. A number of people were killed and thirty were injured. As the coroner of the regiment did not think the news worth reporting the war has been reduced to 40 placed off the record.

Ladies Who Suffer

From any complaint peculiar to their sex—such as Profuse, Painful, Suppressed or Irregular Menstruation, etc. soon restored to health by

Bradfield's Female Regulator.

It is a combination of remedial agents which have been used with the greatest success for more than 25 years, and known to act specifically with and on the organs of

Menstruation, and recommended for such complaints only. It never fails to give relief and restore the health of the suffering woman. It should be taken by the girl just budding into womanhood when Menstruation is scant, suppressed, irregular or painful, and all delicate women should use it, as its tonic properties have a wonderful influence in toning up and strengthening the system by driving through the proper channels all impurities.

"A daughter of one of my customers mislaid a bottle of Bradfield's Female Regulator, and, not finding it, she was very much distressed. I advised her to use it, and she did so, and her health was restored. I have used it for many years, and it has been a great help to me. I have used it for many years, and it has been a great help to me. I have used it for many years, and it has been a great help to me. I have used it for many years